

INKLE AND YARICO : AN OPERA,

IN THREE ACTS,

BY GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

Correctly given, as performed at the Theatres Royal.

WITH REMARKS.



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REMARKS.

THE great success of this opera in every theatre of the kingdom, since its first representation at the Haymarket, is justified by its real merit. The dialogue is not a collection of trite common-places, to connect the music; but is replete with taste, judgment, and manly feeling:—the allusions to slavery (now so nobly abolished) correspond with every British, every liberal, mind. The mal-a-propos offer of Inkle to sell his Yarico to Sir Christopher, is an admirable incident; and indeed all the characters are so forcibly drawn, that the most trifling part is effective.

The pathetic story of Inkle and Yarico first attracted sympathy, from the narrative of Mr. Addison, in the Spectator: to that affecting story, Mr. Colman was indebted only for the cold, calculating, Inkle; and the gentle, affectionate Yarico:—the rest of the characters and the developement of the story are the offspring of his abundant invention.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	Covent Garden.	Hay Market.
Inkle	Mr. Johnstone.	Mr. J. Bannister.
Sir Christopher Curry	Quick.	Parsons.
Campley	Davies.	Davies.
Medium	Wewitzer.	Baddeley.
Trudge	Edwin.	Edwin.
Mate	Darley.	Meadows.
Yarico	Mrs. Billington.	Mrs. Kemble.
Narcissa	Mountain.	Bannister.
Wowski	Martyr.	Miss George.
Patty	Rock	Mrs. Forster.

SCENE.—First, on the Main of America; afterwards, in Barbadoes.

INKLE AND YARICO.



ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

AN AMERICAN FOREST.

Med. (without.) Hilli ho! ho!

Trudge. (without.) Hip! hollo! ho!—Hip!—

Enter Medium and Trudge.

Med. Pshaw! its only wasting time and breath. Bawling won't persuade him to budge a bit faster. Things are all altered now; and, whatever weight it may have in some places, bawling, it seems, don't go for argument here. Plague on't! we are now in the wilds of America.

Trudge. Hip, hillio— ho—hi!—

Med. Hold your tongue, you blockhead, or—

Trudge. Lord! sir, if my master makes no more haste, we shall all be put to sword by the knives of the natives. I'm told they take off heads like hats, and hang 'em on pegs in their parlours. Mercy on us! my head aches with the very thoughts of it. Hollo! Mr. Inkle! master; hollo!

Med. Head aches! zounds, so does mine with your confounded bawling. It's enough to bring all the natives about us; and we shall be stripped and plundered in a minute.

Trudge. Aye; stripping is the first thing that would happen to us; for they seem to be wofully off for a wardrobe. I myself saw three, at a distance, with less clothes than I have when I get out of bed: all dancing about in black buff; just like Adam in mourning.

Med. This is to have to do with a schemer! a fellow who risques his life, for a chance of advancing his interest.---Always advantage in view! trying, here, to make discoveries that may promote his profit in England. Another Botany Bay scheme, mayhap. Nothing else could induce him to quit our foraging party, from the ship; when he knows every inhabitant here is not only as black as a pepper-corn, but as hot into the bargain---and I, like a fool, to follow him! and then to let him loiter behind. Why, nephew! why, Inkle.

[calling.]

Trudge. Why, Inkle---Well! only to see the difference of men! he'd have thought it very hard, now, if I had let him call so often after me. Ah! I wish he was calling after me now, in the old jog-trot way, again. What a fool was I, to leave London for foreign parts!---That ever I should leave Threadneedle-street, to thread an American forest, where a man's as soon lost as a needle in a bottle of hay!

Med. Patience, Trudge! patience! if we once recover the ship---

Trudge. Lord, sir, I shall never recover what I have lost in coming abroad. When my master and I were in London, I had such a mortal snug birth of it! why, I was factotum.

Med. Factotum to a young merchant is no such sinecure, neither.

Trudge. But then the honour of it. Think of that, sir; to be clerk as well as own man. Only consider. You find very few city clerks made out of a man, now-a-days. To be king of the counting-house, as well as lord of the bed-chamber. Ah! if I had him but now

in the little dressing room behind the office ; tying his hair, with a bit of red tape, as usual.

Med. Yes, or writing an invoice with lamp-black, and shining his shoes with an ink bottle, as usual, you blundering blockhead !

Trudge. Oh ! if I was but brushing the accounts, or casting up the coats ! mercy on us ! what's that ?

Med. That ! what ?

Trudge. Did'nt you hear a noise ?

Med. Y—es—but---hush ! Oh, heavens be praised ! here he is at last.

Enter Inkle.

Now nephew ?

Inkle. So, Mr. Medium.

Med. Zounds, one would think, by your confounded composure, that you were walking in St. James's Park, instead of an American Forest ; and that all the beasts were nothing but good company. The hollow trees, here, centry boxes, and the lions in 'em soldiers ; the jackalls, courtiers ; the crocodiles, fine women ; and the baboons, beaus. What the plague made you loiter so long ?

Inkle. Reflection.

Med. So I should think ; reflection generally comes lagging behind. What, scheming, I suppose ; never quiet. At it again, eh : what a happy trader is your father, to have so prudent a son for a partner ! why, you are the carefullest Co. in the whole city. Never losing sight of the main chance ; and that's the reason, perhaps, you lost sight of us, here, on the main of America.

Inkle. Right, Mr. Medium. Arithmetic, I own, has been the means of our parting at present.

Trudge. Ha ! a sum in division, I reckon. (*aside.*

Med. And pray, if I may be so bold, what mighty scheme has just tempted you to employ your head, when you ought to make use of your heels ?

Inkle. My heels ! here's pretty doctrine ! do you

think I travel merely for motion? a fine expensive plan for a trader, truly. What, would you have a man of business come abroad, scamper extravagantly here and there and every where, then return home, and have nothing to tell, but that he has been here and there and every where? 'sdeath, sir, would you have me travel like a lord? Travelling, uncle, was always intended for improvement; and improvement is an advantage; and advantage is profit, and profit is gain. Which, in the travelling translation of a trader, means, that you should gain every advantage of improving your profit. I have been comparing the land, here, with that of our own country.

Med. And you find it like a good deal of the land of our own country—cursedly encumbered with black legs, I take it.

Inkle. And calculating how much it might be made to produce by the acre.

Med. You were?

Inkle. Yes; I was proceeding algebraically upon the subject.

Med. Indeed!

Inkle. And just about extracting the square root.

Med. Hum!

Inkle. I was thinking too, if so many natives could be caught, how much they might fetch at the West Indian markets.

Med. Now let me ask you a question or two, young cannibal catcher, if you please.

Inkle. Well.

Med. Aren't we bound for Barbadoes; partly to trade, but chiefly to carry home the daughter of the governor, Sir Christopher Curry, who has till now been under your father's care, in Threadneedle-street, for polite English education.

Inkle. Granted.

Med. And isn't it determined, between the old folks,

that you are to marry Narcissus as soon as we get there?

Inkle. A fixed thing.

Med. Then what the devil do you do here, hunting old hairy negroes, when you ought to be ogling a fine girl in the ship? Algebra, too! you'll have other things to think of when you are married, I promise you. A plodding fellow's head, in the hands of a young wife, like a boy's slate after school, soon gets all its arithmetic wiped off: and then it appears in its true simple state; dark, empty, and bound in wood, Master Inkle.

Inkle. Not in a match of this kind. Why, it's a table of interest from beginning to end, old Medium.

Med. Well, well, this is no time to talk. Who knows but, instead of sailing to a wedding, we may get cut up, here, for a wedding dinner: tossed up for a dinky duke perhaps, or stewed down for a black baronet, or eat raw by an inky commoner?

Inkle. Why sure, you aren't afraid?

Med. Who, I afraid! ha! ha! ha! no, not I! what the deuce should I be afraid of? thank heaven, I have a clear conscience, and need not be afraid of any thing. A scoundrel might not be quite so easy on such an occasion; but it's the part of an honest man not to behave like a scoundrel: I never behaved like a scoundrel—for which reason I am an honest man, you know. But come—I hate to boast of my good qualities.

Inkle. Slow and sure, my good, virtuous, Mr. Medium! our companions can be but half a mile before us: and, if we do but double their steps, we shall overtake 'em at one mile's end, by all the powers of arithmetic.

Med. Oh, curse your arithmetic! how are we to find our way?

Inkle. That, uncle, must be left to the doctrine of chances,

[*exunt.*]

SCENE II. ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST.—A SHIP AT
ANCHOR IN THE BAY, AT A SMALL DISTANCE.

Enter Sailors and Mate, as returning from foraging.

Mate. Come, come, bear a hand, my lads. Tho'f the bay is just under our bowsprits, it will take a damned deal of tripping to come at it—there's hardly any steering clear of the rocks here. But do we muster all hands? all right, think ye?

1st. Sail. All to a man—besides yourself, and a monkey—the three land lubbers, that edged away in the morning, goes for nothing, you know—they're all dead may-hap, by this.

Mate. Dead! you be—why, they're friends of the captain; and, if not brought safe aboard to-night, you may all chance to have a salt eel for your supper—that's all.—Moreover, the young plodding spark, he with the grave, foul-weather face, there, is to man the tight little frigate, Miss Narcissa, what d'ye call her, that is bound with us for Barbadoes. Rot 'em for not keeping under way, I say! but come, let's see if a song will bring 'em too. Let's have a full chorus to the good merchant ship, the Achilles, that's wrote by our Captain.

The Achilles, though christen'd good ship, 'tis surmis'd,
From that old man of war, great Achilles, so priz'd,
Was he, like our vessel, pray, fairly baptiz'd?
Ti tol lol, &c.

Poets sung that Achilles—if now, they've an itch
To sing this, future ages may know which is which;
And that one rode in Greece—and the other in pitch.

What tho' but a merchant ship—sure our supplies:
Now your men of war's gain in a lottery lies,

And how blank they all look, when they can't get a prize!

What are all their fine names? when no rhino's behind,
The Intrepid, and Lion, look sheepish, you'll find;
Whilst, alas! the poor Æolus can't raise the wind!

Then the Thunderer's dumb; out of tune the Orpheus;
The Ceres has nothing at all to produce;
And the Eagle, I warrant you, looks like a goose.

But we merchant lads, tho' the foe we can't maul,
Nor are paid, like fine king-ships, to fight at a call,
Why we pay ourselves well, without fighting at all.

1st Sail. Avast! look a-head there. Here they come,
chased by a fleet of black devils.

Midsh. And the devil a fire have I to give 'em, We
han't a grain of powder left. What must we do, lad?

2nd Sail. Do? sheer off, to be sure.

All. Come, bear a hand, Master Marlinspike!

Midsh. (reluctantly) Well, if I must, I must (*going to the other side and hallooing to Inkle, &c.*) Yoho, lubbers! crowd all the sail you can, d'ye mind me! [*ex.*

Enter Medium, running, as pursued by the Blacks.

Med. Nephew! Trudge! run—scamper! scour—fly! zounds, what harm did I ever do, to be hunted to death by a pack of blood-hounds? why, nephew! Oh, confound your long sums in arithmetic! I'll take care of myself; and if we must have any arithmetic, dot and carry one for my money. [*runs off.*

Enter Inkle and Trudge, hastily.

Trudge. Oh! that ever I was born, to leave pen, ink, and powder, for this!

Inkle. Trudge, how far are the sailors before us?

Trudge. I'll run and see, sir, directly.

Inkle. Blockhead, come here. The savages are close upon us; we shall scarce be able to recover our party.

Get behind this tuft of trees with me; they'll pass us, and we may then recover our ship with safety.

Trudge. (going behind.) Oh! Threadneedle-street, Thread!—

Inkle. Peace.

Trudge. (hiding.)—needle-street.

[They hide behind trees. Natives cross. After a long pause, Inkle looks from the trees.]

Inkle. Trudge.

Trudge. Sir.

[in a whisper.]

Inkle. Are they all gone by?

Trudge. Won't you look and see?

Inkle. (looking round.) So, all's safe at last. *(coming forward.)* Nothing like policy in these cases; but you'd have run on, like a booby! A tree, I fancy, you'll find, in future, the best resource in a hot pursuit.

Trudge. Oh, charming! It's a retreat for a king, sir. Mr. Medium, however, has not got up in it; your uncle, sir, has run on like a booby; and has got up with our party by this time, I take it; who are now most likely at the shore. But what are we to do next, sir?

Inkle. Reconnoitre a little, and then proceed.

Trudge. Then pray, sir, proceed to reconnoitre; for, the sooner the better.

Inkle. Then look out, d'ye hear, and tell me if you discover any danger.

Trudge. Y—ye—s—yes; but—

[trembling.]

Inkle. Well, is the coast clear?

Trudge. Eh! Oh lord!—Clear? *(rubbing his eyes)* Oh dear! oh dear! the coast will soon be clear enough now, I promise you—the ship is under sail, sir!

Inkle. Confusion! my property carried off in the vessel.

Trudge. All, all, sir, except me.

Inkle. They may report me dead, perhaps; and dispose of my property at the next island.

[vessel under sail.]

Trudge. Ah! there they go. *(a gun fired.)*—

That will be the last report we shall ever hear from 'em, I'm afraid.—That's as much as to say, good by to ye. And here we are left—two fine, full-grown babes in the wood!

Inkle. What an ill-timed accident! just too, when my speedy union with Narcissa, at Barbadoës, would so much advance my interests. Something must be hit upon, and speedily; but what resource?

[*thinking.*

Trudge. The old one—a tree, sir—'tis all we have for it now. What would I give, now, to be perched upon a high stool, with our brown desk squeezed into the pit of my stomach—scribbling away an old parchment!—But all my red ink will be spilt by an old black pin of a negro.

A voyage over seas had not enter'd my head,
Had I known but on which side to butter my bread.
Heigho! sure I—for hunger must die!

I've sail'd, like a booby; come here in a squall,
Where, alas! there's no bread to be butter'd at all!

Oh! I'm a terrible booby!

Oh, what a sad booby am I!

In London, what gay chop-house signs in the street!
But the only sign here, is of nothing to eat.
Heigho! that I—for hunger should die!

My mutton's all lost; I'm a poor starving elf;
And for all the world like a lost mutton myself.

Oh! I shall die a lost mutton!

Oh, what a lost mutton am I!

For a neat slice of beef, I could roar like a bull;
And my stomach's so empty, my heart is quite full.
Heigho! that I—for hunger should die!
But grave without meat, I must here meet my grave,
For my bacon, I fancy, I never shall save.

Oho! I shall ne'er save my bacon!
I can't save my bacon, not I!

Trudge. Hum! I was thinking——I was thinking, sir—if so many natives could be caught, how much they might fetch at the West India markets!

Inkle. Scoundrel! is this a time to jest?

Trudge. No, faith, sir! hunger is too sharp to be jested with. As for me, I shall starve for want of food. Now you may meet a luckier fate: you are able to extract the square root, sir; and that's the very best provision you can find here to live upon. But I—[*noise at a distance*] Mercy on us! here they come again.

Inkle. Confusion! deserted on one side, and pressed on the other, which way shall I turn?—This cavern may prove a safe retreat to us for the present. I'll enter, cost what it will.

Trudge. Oh! Lord! no, don't, don't—We shall pay too dear for our lodging, depend on't.

Inkle. This is no time for debating. You are at the mouth of it: lead the way, Trudge.

Trudge. What! go in before your honour! I know my place better, I assure you.—I might walk into more mouths than one, perhaps. [*aside.*]

Inkle. Coward! then follow me. [*noise again.*]

Trudge. I must, sir; I must! Ah Trudge, Trudge! what a damned hole are you getting into! [*exeunt.*]

SCENE. III.—A CAVE, DECORATED WITH SKINS OF WILD BEASTS, FEATHERS, &c. A RUDE KIND OF CURTAIN, AS DOOR TO AN INNER PART.

Enter Inkle and Trudge, from the mouth of the cavern.

Trudge. Why, sir! you must be mad to go any farther.

Inkle. So far, at least, we have proceeded with safe-

ty. Ha! no bad specimen of savage elegance. These ornaments would be worth something in England.—We have little to fear here, I hope: this cave rather bears the pleasing face of a profitable adventure.

Trudge. Very likely, sir; but, for a pleasing face, it has the cursed'st ugly mouth I ever saw in my life. Now do, sir, make off as fast as you can. If we once get clear of the natives' houses, we have little to fear from the lions and leopards; for, by the appearance of their parlours, they seem to have killed all the wild beasts in the country. Now pray, do, my good master, take my advice, and run away.

Inkle. Rascal! talk again of going out, and I'll flea you alive.

Trudge. That's just what I expect for coming in.—All that enter here appear to have had their skin stript over their ears; and ours will be kept for curiosities—We shall stand here, stuffed, for a couple of white wonders.

Inkle. This curtain seems to lead to another apartment: I'll draw it.

Trudge. No, no, no, don't; don't. We may be called to account for disturbing the company: you may get a curtain lecture, perhaps, sir.

Inkle. Peace, booby, and stand on your guard.

Trudge. Oh! what will become of us! some grim, seven-foot fellow ready to scalp us.

Inkle. By heaven! a woman!

[*Yarico and Wowski discovered asleep.*]

Trudge. A woman! [*aside*]—[*loud.*] But let him come on; I'm ready—dam'me, I don't fear facing the devil himself—Faith, it is a woman—fast asleep, too.

Inkle. And beautiful as an angel!

Trudge. And, egad! there seems to be a nice, little, plump, bit in the corner; only she's an angel of rather darker sort.

Inkle. Hush! keep back—she wakes.

[*Yarico comes forward—Inkle and Trudge retire to the opposite sides of the scene.*]

Yarico. When the chase of day is done,
 And the shaggy lion's skin,
 Which, for us, our warriors win,
 Decks our cells, at set of sun;
 Worn with toil, with sleep opprest,
 I press my mossy bed, and sink to rest.

Then, once more, I see our train,
 With all our chase renew'd again :
 Once more, 'tis day,
 Once more, our prey
 Gnashes his angry teeth, and foams in vain.
 Again, in sullen haste, he flies,
 Ta'en in the toil, again he lies,
 Again he roars—and, in my slumbers, dies.

Inkle. Our language!

Trudge. Zounds, she has thrown me into a cold sweat.

Yarico. Hark ! I heard a noise ! Wowski, awake !
 whence can it it proceed !

[*She wakes Wowski, and they both come forward—Yarico towards Inkle ;
 Wowski towards Truge.*]

Yar. Ah ! what form is this ?—are you a man ?

Inkle. True flesh and blood, my charming heathen,
 I promise you.

Yar. What harmony in his voice ! what a shape !
 How fair his skin too !—— [gazing.]

Trudge. This must be a lady of quality, by her staring.

Yar. Say, stranger, whence come you ?

Inkle. From a far distant island ; driven on this coast by distress, and deserted by my companions.

Yar. And do you know the danger that surrounds you here ? our woods are filled with beasts of prey—my countrymen, too——(yet, I think they could'nt find the heart)——might kill you.——It would be a

pity if you fell in their way—I think I should weep if you came to any harm.

Trudge. O ho! it's time, I see, to begin making interest with the chambermaid. [*takes Wowski apart.*]

Inkle. How wild and beautiful! sure, there's magic in her shape, and she has rivetted me to the place. But where shall I look for safety? let me fly, and avoid my death.

Yar. Oh! no--But—[*as if puzzled*] well then, die stranger, but, don't depart.—But I will try to preserve you; and if you are killed, Yarico must die too! Yet, 'tis I alone can save you: your death is certain without my assistance; and indeed, indeed, you shall not want it.

Inkle. My kind Yarico! what means, then, must be used for my safety?

Yar. My cave must conceal you: none enter it, since my father was slain in battle. I will bring you food by day, then lead you to our unfrequented groves, by moonlight, to listen to the nightengale. If you should sleep, I'll watch you, and wake you when there's danger.

Inkle. Generous maid! then, to you I will owe my life; and whilst it lasts, nothing shall part us.

Yar. And shan't it, shan't it it indeed?

Inkle. No, my Yarico! for, when an opportunity offers to return to my country, you shall be my companion.

Yar. What! cross the seas!

Inkle. Yes. Help me to discover a vessel, and you shall enjoy wonders—You shall be decked in silks, my brave maid, and have a house drawn with horses to carry you.

Yar. Nay, do not laugh at me—but is it so?

Inkle. It is, indeed!

Yar. Oh, wonder! I wish my countrywomen could see me—But won't your warriors kill us?

Inkle. No, our only danger, on land, is here.

Yar. Then let us retire further into the cave. Come—your safety is in my keeping.

Inkle. I follow you—Yet, can you run some risque in following me?

DUET.

Inkle. O say, simple maid, have you form'd any notion
Of all the rude dangers in crossing the ocean?
When winds whistle shrilly, ah! won't they re-
mind you,
To sigh, with regret, for the grot left behind
you?

Yar. Ah! no, I could follow, and sail the world over,
Nor think of my grot, when I look at my lover!
The winds which blow round us, your arms for
my pillow,
Will lull us to sleep, whilst we'er rock'd by each
billow.

Both. O say then, my true love, we never will sunder,
Nor shrink from the tempest, nor dread the big
thunder:
While constant, we'll laugh at all changes of
weather,
And journey, all over the world, both together.

Trudge. Why, you speak English as well as I, my little Wowski.

Wows. Iss.

Trudge. Iss! and you learnt it from a strange man, that tumbled from a big boat, many moons ago, you say!

Wows. Iss—teach me—teach good many.

Trudge. Then, what the devil made 'em so surpris'd at seeing us! was he like me? [*Wowski shakes her head*] Not so smart a body, may hap. Was his face, now, round, and comely, and—eh! [*stroking his chin*] Was it like mine?

Wows. Like dead leaf—brown and shrivel.

Trudge. Oh, oh, an old shipwrecked sailor, I war-

rant. With white and grey hair, eh, my pretty beauty spot?

Wows. Iss; all white. When night come, he put it in pocket.

Trudge. Oh! wore a wig. But the old boy taught you something more than English, I believe.

Wows. Iss.

Trudge. The devil he did! What was it?

Wows. Teach me put dry grass, red hot, in hollow white stick.

Trudge. Aye, what was that for?

Wows. Put in my mouth—go poff, poff.

Trudge. Zounds! did he teach you to smoke?

Wows. Iss.

Trudge. And what became of him at last? What did your countrymen do for the poor fellow?

Wows. Eat him one day—Our chief kill him.

Trudge. Mercy on us! what damned stomachs, to swallow a tough old tar! though, for the matter of that, there's many of our captains would eat all they kill, I believe! Ah, poor Trudge! your killing comes next.

Wows. No, no—not you—no—[*running to him anxiously.*]

Trudge. No? why what shall I do, if I get in their paws?

Wows. I fight for you!

Trudge. Will you? ecod she's a brave, good-natur'd wench! she'll be worth a hundred of your English wives—Whenever they fight on their husband's account, its with him, instead of for him, I fancy. But how the plague am I to live here!

Wows. I feed you—bring you kid.

White man, never go away—

Tell me why need you?

Stay, with your Wowski, stay:

Wowski will feed you.

Cold moons are now coming in :
Ah don't go grieve me !
I'll wrap you in leopard's skin :
White man, don't leave me.

And when all the sky is blue,
Sun makes warm weather,
I'll catch you a cockatoo,
Dress you in feather.
When cold comes, or when 'tis hot,
Ah don't go grieve me.
Poor Wowski will be forgot——
White man, don't leave me.

Trudge. Zounds ! leopard's skin for winter wear, and feathers for a summer's suit ! Ha ! ha ! I shall look like a walking hammer-cloth, at Christmas, and an upright shuttle cock, in the dog-days. And for all this, if my master and I find our way to England, you shall be part of our traveling equipage ; and, when I get there, I'll give you a couple of snug rooms, on a first floor, and visit you every evening as soon as I come from the counting house. Do you like it ?

Wows. Iss.

Trudge. Damme, what a flashy fellow I shall seem in the city ! I'll get her a white boy to bring up the tea-kettle. Then I'll teach you to write, and dress hair.

Wows. You great man in your country ?

Trudge. Oh yes, a very great man. I'm head clerk of the counting-house, and first valet-de-chambre of the dressing-room. I pounce parchments, powder hair, black shoes, ink paper, shave beards, and mend pens. But hold ; I had forgot one material point——you arn't married, I hope ?

Wows. No : you be my chum-chum !

Trudge. So I will. It's best however, to be sure of her being single ; for Indian husbands are not quite

so complaisant as English ones—and the vulgar dogs might think of looking a little after their spouses. Well, as my master seems king of this palace, and has taken his Indian queen already, I'll e'en be usher of the black rod here. But you have had a lover or two in your time: eh, Wowski?

Wows. Oh iss--great many--I tell you.

DUET.

Wows. Wampum, Swampum, Yanko, Lanko, Nanko,
Pownatowski,

Black men—plenty—twenty—fight for me.
White man, woo you true?

Trudge. Who?

Wows. You.

Trudge. Yes, pretty little Wowski!

Wows. Then, I'll leave all and follow thee.

Trudge. O then turn about, my little tawny tight
Don't you like me? [one!

Wows. Iss, you're like the snow!

If you slight one.——

Trudge. Never, not for any white one:

You are beautiful as any sloe.

Wows. War, jars, scars, can't expose ye,

In our grot——

Trudge. So snug and cosey!

Wows. Flowers neatly

Pick'd shall sweetly

Make your bed.

Trudge. Coying, toying,

With a rosy posey,

When I'm Josey,

Bear-skin night-caps, too, shall warm my
head,

Both. Bear-skin night-caps, &c. &c.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

THE QUAY AT BARBADOES.

Enter several Planters.

1st Plant. I saw her this morning, gentlemen, you may depend on't. My telescope never fails me. I popp'd upon her as I was taking a peep from my balcony. A brave tight ship, I tell you, bearing down directly for Barbadoes here.

2d Plant. Ods my life! rare news! We have not had a vessel arrive in our harbour these six weeks.

3d Plant. And the last brought only madam Narcissa, our Governor's daughter, from England; with a parcel of lazy, idle, white folks about her. Such cargoes will never do for our trade, neighbour.

4th Plant. No, no: we want slaves. A terrible dearth of 'em in Barbadoes, lately! but your dingy passengers for my money. Give me a vessel like a collier, where all the lading tumbles out as black as my hat. But are you sure, now, you aren't mistaken?

[*to 1st Planter.*

1st Plant. Mistaken! 'sbud, do you doubt my glass? I can discover a gull by by it six leagues off: I could see every thing as plain as if I was on board.

2d Plant. Indeed! and what were her colours?

1st Plant. Um! why English—or Dutch—or French—I don't exactly remember.

3d Plant. What were the sailors aboard?

1st Plant. Eh! why they were English too—or Dutch—or French—I can't perfectly recollect.

4th Plant. Your glass, neighbour, is a little like a glass too much : it makes you forget every thing you ought to remember. [*Cry without, A sail ! A sail !*]

1st Plant. Egad, but I'm right tho'. Now, gentlemen !

All. Aye, aye ; the devil take the hindmost.

[*Exit, hastily.*]

Enter Narcissa and Patty.

Nar. Freshly now the breeze is blowing ;
As yon ship at anchor rides,
Sullen waves, incessant flowing,
Rudely dash against the sides :
So my heart, its course impeded,
Beats in my perturbed breast :
Doubts, like waves by waves succeeded,
Rise, and still deny it rest.

Patty. Well, ma'am, as I was saying——

Nar. Well, say no more of what you were saying—
Sure, Patty, you forget where you are : a little caution
will be necessary now, I think.

Patty. Lord, madam, how is it possible to help talking ? We are in Barbadoes, here, to be sure—but then, ma'am, one may let out a little in a private morning's walk by ourselves.

Nar. Nay, it's the same thing with you in-doors.

Patty. I never blab, ma'am, never, as I hope for a gown.

Nar. And your never blabbing, as you call it, depends chiefly on that hope, I believe. The unlocking my chest, locks up all your faculties. An old silk gown makes you turn your back on all my secrets ; a large bonnet blinds your eyes ; and a fashionable high handkerchief covers your ears, and stops your mouth at once, Patty.

Patty. Dear ma'am, how can you think a body so

mercenary ! am I always teasing you about gowns and gew-gaws, and fal-lals and finery ? Or do you take me for a conjuror, that nothing will come out of my mouth but ribbons ? I have told the story of our voyage, indeed, to old Guzzle, the butler, who is very inquisitive ; and, between ourselves, is the ugliest old quiz I ever saw in my life.

Nar. Well, well, I have seen him ; pitted with the small pox, and a red face.

Patty. Right, ma'am. It's for all the world like his master's cellar, full of holes and liquor. But when he asks me what you and I think of the matter, why I look wise, and cry, like other wise people who have nothing to say—All's for the best.

Nar. And, thus, you lead him to imagine I am but little inclined to the match.

Patty. Lord, ma'am, how could that be ? Why, I never said a word about Captain Campley.

Nar. Hush ! hush, for heaven's sake.

Patty. Ay, there it is now.—There, ma'am, I'm as mute as a mackarel—That name strikes me dumb in a moment. I don't know how it is, but Captain Campley some how or other has the knack of stopping my mouth oftener than any body else, ma'am.

Nar. His name again !—Consider.—Never mention it ; I desire you.

Patty. Not I, ma'am, not I. But, if our voyage from England was so pleasant, it was'nt owing to Mr Inkle, I'm certain. He didn't play the fiddle in our cabin, and dance on the deck, and come languishing with a glass of warm water in his hand, when we were seasick. Ah, ma'am, that water warm'd your heart, I'm confident. Mr. Inkle ; no, no ! Captain Cam——

Nar. There is no end to this ! Remember, Patty, keep your secrecy, or you entirely lose my favour.

Patty. Never fear me, ma'am. But if somebody I know is not acquainted with the governor, there's such a thing as dancing at balls, and squeezing hands when

you lead up, and squeezing them again when you cast down, and walking on the quay in a morning. Oh, I won't utter a syllable, (*archly*.) But remember, I'm as close as a patch-box. Mum's the word, ma'am, I promise you.

This maxim let ev'ry one hear,
Proclaim'd from the north to the south;
Whatever comes in at your ear,
Should never run out at your mouth.
We servants, like servants of state,
Should listen to all, and be dumb;
Let others harangue and debate,
We look wise—shake our heads,—and are mum.

The judge in dull dignity drest,
In silence hears barristers preach;
And then, to prove silence is best,
He'll get up, and give them a speech.
By saying but little, the maid
Will keep her swain under her thumb;
And the lover that's true to his trade,
Is certain to kiss, and cry mum. [*exit.*]

Nar. How awkward is my present situation! promised to one, who, perhaps, may never again be heard of; and who, I am sure, if he ever appears to claim me, will do it merely on the score of interest—pressed too by another, who has already, I fear, too much interest in my heart—what can I do? What plan can I follow?

Enter Campley.

Camp. Follow my advice, Narcissa, by all means. Enlist with me, under the best banners in the world. General Hymen for my money! little Cupid's his drummer: he has been beating a round rub-a-dub on our hearts, and we have only to obey the word of com-

mand, fall into the ranks of matrimony, and march through life together.

Nar. Then consider our situation.

Camp. That has been duly considered. In short, the case stands exactly thus—your intended spouse is all for money: I am all for love: he is a rich rogue: I am rather a poor honest fellow. He would pocket your fortune; I will take you without a fortune in your pocket.

Nar. Oh! I am sensible of the favour, most gallant Captain Campley; and my father, no doubt, will be very much obliged to you.

Camp. Aye, there's the devil of it! Sir Christopher Curry's confounded good character—knocks me up at once. Yet I am not acquainted with him, neither; not known to him, even by sight; being here only as a private gentleman on a visit to my old relation, out of regimentals, and so forth; and not introduced to the Governor as other officers of the place: but then the report of his hospitality—his odd, blunt, whimsical, friendship—his whole behaviour——

Nar. All stare you in the face, eh, Campley?

Camp. They do, till they put me out of countenance: but then again, when I stare you in the face, I can't think I have any reason to be ashamed of my proceedings—I stick here, between my love and my principle, like a song between a toast and a sentiment.

Nar. And, if your love and your principle were put in the scales, you doubt which would weigh most?

Camp. Oh, no! I should act like a rogue, and let principle kick the beam: for love, Narcissa, is as heavy as lead, and, like a bullet from a pistol, could never go through the heart, if it wanted weight.

Nar. Or rather like the pistol itself, that often goes off without any harm done. Your fire must end in smoke, I believe.

Camp. Never, whilst——

Nar. Nay, a truce to protestations at present. What

signifies talking to me, when you have such opposition from others? Why hover about the city, instead of boldly attacking the guard? Wheel about, captain! face the enemy! march! charge! rout 'em—Drive 'em before you, and then—

Camp. And then—

Nar. Lud have mercy on the poor city!

Mars would oft, his conquest over,

To the Cyprian goddess yield;

Venus gloried in a lover,

Who, like him, could brave the field.

Mars would oft, &c.

In the cause of battles hearty,

Still the God would strive to prove,

He, who fac'd an adverse party,

Fittest was to meet his love.

Hear then, captains, ye who bluster,

Hear the God of war declare,

Cowards never can pass muster;

Courage only wins the fair.

Enter Patty, hastily.

Patty. Oh, lud, ma'am, I'm frightened out of my wits! sure as I'm alive, ma'am, Mr. Inkle is not dead; I saw his man, ma'am, just now, coming ashore in a boat with other passengers, from the vessel that's come to the island. *[exit.]*

Nar. (to Camp.) Look'ye, Mr. Campley, something has happened which makes me waive ceremonies.—If you mean to apply to my father, remember that delays are dangerous.

Camp. Indeed!

Nar. I may'nt be always in the same mind, you know. *[smiling.]*

Camp. Nay, then—Gad, I'm almost afraid too—but

living in this state of doubt is torment. I'll e'en put a good face on the matter; cock my hat; make my bow; and try to reason the Governor into compliance. Faint heart never won a fair lady.

Why should I vain fears discover,
Prove a dying, sighing swain?
Why turn shilly-shally lover,
Only to prolong my pain?

When we woo the dear enslaver,
Boldly ask, and she will grant;
How should we obtain a favour,
But by telling what we want?

Should the nymph be found complying,
Nearly then the battle's won;
Parent's think 'tis vain denying,
When half the work is fairly done. [*exeunt.*]

Enter Trudge and Wowski, as from the ship; with a dirty Runner from one of the inns.

Run. This way, sir; if you will let me recommend—

Trudge. Come along, Wows! Take care of your furs, and your feathers, my girl.

Wows. Iss.

Trudge. That's right.—Somebody might steal 'em, perhaps.

Wows. Steal!—What that?

Trudge. Oh, lord! see what one loses by not being born in a Christian country.

Run. If you would, sir, but mention to your master, the house that belongs to my master; the best accommodations on the quay.—

Trudge. What's your sign, my lad?

Run. The Crown, sir—Here it is.

Trudge. Well, get us a room for half an hour, and

we'll come: and hark'ee! let it be light and airy, d'ye hear? My master has been used to your open apartments lately.

Run. Depend on it.—Much obliged to you, sir. [*exit.*

Wows. Who be that fine man? He great prince?

Trudge. A prince—Ha! ha!—No, not quite a prince—but he belongs to the crown. But how do you like this, Wows? Isn't it fine?

Wows. Wonder!

Trudge. Fine men, eh!

Wows. Iss! all white; like you.

Trudge. Yes, all the fine men are like me: as different from your people as powder and ink, or paper and blacking.

Wows. And fine lady—Face like snow.

Trudge. What! the fine ladie's complexions? Oh, yes, exactly; for too much heat very often dissolves 'em! Then their dress, too.

Wows. Your countrymen dress so?

Trudge. Better, better, a great deal. Why, a young flashy Englishman will sometimes carry a whole fortune on his back. But did you mind the women? All here—and there; (*pointing before and behind*) they have it all from us in England. And then the fine things they carry on their heads, Wowski.

Wows. Iss. One lady carry good fish—so fine, she call every body to look at her.

Trudge. Pshaw! an old woman bawling flounders. But the fine girls we meet, here, on the quay—so round, and so plump!

Wows. You not love me now.

Trudge. Not love you! Zounds, have not I given you proofs?

Wows. Iss. Great many: but now you get here, you forget poor Wowski!

Trudge. Not I; I'll stick to you like wax.

Wows. Ah, I fear! What make you love me now?

Trudge. Gratitude, to be sure.

Wows. What that?

Trudge. Ha! this it is, now, to live without education. The poor dull devils of her country are all in the practice of gratitude, without finding out what it means; while we can tell the meaning of it, with little or no practice at all. Lord, lord, what a fine advantage Christian learning is! Hark'ee, *Wows*!

Wows. Iss.

Trudge. Now we've accomplished our landing, I'll accomplish you. You remember the instructions I gave you on the voyage?

Wows. Iss.

Trudge. Let's see now—What are you to do, when I introduce you to the nobility, gentry, and others—of my acquaintance?

Wows. Make believe sit down; then get up.

Trudge. Let me see you do it. (*she makes a low curtsy*) Very well! And how are you to recommend yourself, when you have nothing to say, amongst all our great friends?

Wows. Grin—shew my teeth.

Trudge. Right! they'll think you lived with people of fashion. But suppose you meet an old shabby friend in misfortune, that you don't wish to be seen to speak to—what would you do?

Wows. Look blind—not see him.

Trudge. Why would you do that?

Wows. 'Cause I can't see good friend in distress.

Trudge. That's a good girl! and I wish every body could boast of so kind a motive, for such cursed cruel behaviour. Lord! how some of your flashy banker's clerks have cut me in Threadneedle street. But come, though we have got among fine folks, here, in an English settlement, I won't be ashamed of my old acquaintance: yet, for my own part, I should not be sorry, now, to see my old friend with a new face. Odsbobs! I see Mr. Inkle—Go in, *Wows*; call for what you like best.

Wows. Then, I call for you ah! I fear I not see you often now. But you come soon——

Remember when we walk'd alone,
And heard, so gruff, the lion growl;
And when the moon so bright it shone,
We saw the wolf look up and howl;
I led you well, safe to our cell,
While, tremblingly,
You said to me,
——And kiss'd so sweet——dear Wowski tell,
How could I live without ye?

But now you come across the sea,
And tell me here no monsters roar;
You'll walk alone and leave poor me,
When wolves to fright you howl no more.
But ah! think well on our old cell,
Where, tremblingly,
You kiss'd poor me——
Perhaps, you'll say——dear Wowski tell,
How can I live without ye? [*exit.*

Trudge. Eh! oh! my master's talking to somebody on the quay. Who have we here!

Enter First Planter.

Plant. Hark'ee, young man! Is that young Indian of your's going to our market?

Trudge. Not she—she never went to market in all her life.

Plant. I mean, is she for our sale of slaves? Our Black Fair?

Trudge. A black fair! ha, ha, ha! You hold it on a brown green, I suppose.

Plant. She's your slave, I take it?

Trudge. Yes; and I'm her humble servant, I take it.

Plant. Aye, aye, natural enough at sea. But at how much do you value her?

Trudge. Just as much as she has saved me—My own life.

Plant. Pshaw! you mean to sell her!

Trudge. (*staring.*) Zounds! what a devil of a fellow! Sell Wows! my poor, dear, dingy wife!

Plant. Come, come, I've heard your story from the ship. Don't let's haggle; I'll bid as fair as any trader amongst us: but no tricks upon travellers, young man, to raise your price. Your wife, indeed! Why she's no Christian?

Trudge. No: but I am; so I shall do as I'd be done by, Master Black-market: and, if you were a good one yourself, you'd know, that fellow-feeling for a poor body, who wants your help, is the noblest mark of our religion. I would'nt be articled clerk to such a fellow for the world.

Plant. Hey-dey! The booby's in love with her! Why, sure, friend, you would not live here with a black?

Trudge. Plague on't; there it is. I shall be laughed out of my honesty, here.—But you may be jogging, friend; I may feel a little queer, perhaps, at showing her face—but, dam'me, if ever I do any thing to make me ashamed of showing my own.

Plant. Why, I tell you, her very complexion——

Trudge. Rot her complexion. I'll tell you what, Mr. Fair-trader; if your head and heart were to change places, I've a notion you'd be as black in the face as an ink-bottle.

Plant. Pshaw! The fellow's a fool—a rude rascal—he ought to be sent back to the savages, again. He's not fit to live among us Christians. [*exit.*]

Trudge. Oh, here he is at last.

Enter Inkle and a second Planter.

Inkle. Nay, sir, I understand your customs well: your Indian markets are not unknown to me.

2 Plant. And, as you seem to understand business, I need not tell you that despatch is the soul of it. Her name you say is—

Inkle. Varico : but urge this no more, I beg you. I must not listen to it : for to speak freely, her anxious care of me demands, that here,—though here it may seem strange—I should avow my love for her.

Plant. Lord help you for a merchant !—It's the first time I ever heard a trader talk of love ; except, indeed, the love of trade, and the love of the Sweet Molly, my ship.

Inkle. Then, sir, you cannot feel my situation.

Plant. Oh yes, I can ! We have a hundred such cases just after a voyage ; but they never last long on land. It's amazing how constant a young man is in a ship ! But, in two words, will you dispose of her, or no ?

Inkle. In two words then, meet me here at noon, and we'll speak further on this subject ; and lest you think I trifle with your business, hear why I wish this pause. Chance threw me, on my passage to your island, among a savage people. Deserted,—defenceless,—cut off from my companions,—my life at stake—to this young creature I owe my preservation ; she found me, like a dying bough, torn from its kindred branches ; which, as it dropped, she moistened with her tears.

Plant. Nay, nay, talk like a man of this world.

Inkle. Your patience. And yet your interruption goes to my present feelings ; for on our sail to this your island—the thoughts of time mispent—doubt—fears—for call it what you will—have much perplex'd me ; and as your spires arose, reflections still rose with them ; for here, sir, lie my interests, great connections, and other weightymatters—which now I need not mention.

Plant. But which her presence hear will mar.

Inkle. Even so---And yet the gratitude I owe her !

Plant. Pshaw ! So because she preserved your life, your gratitude is to make you give up all you have to live upon.

Inkle. Why in that light indeed—This never struck me yet, I'll think on't.

Plant. Aye, aye, do so—Why what return can the wench wish more than taking her from a wild, idle, savage people, and providing for her, here, with reputable hard work, in a genteel, polished, tender, Christian country?

Inkle. Well, sir, at noon——

Plant. I'll meet you—but remember, young gentleman, you must get her off your hands—you must indeed.—I shall have her a bargain, I see that—your servant!—Zounds, how late it is but never be put out of your way for a woman—I must run—my wife will play the devil with me for keeping breakfast. [*exit.*

Inkle. Trudge.

Trudge. Sir!

Inkle. Have you provided a proper apartment?

Trudge. Yes, sir, at the Crown here; a neat, spruce room, they tell me. You have not seen such a convenient lodging this good while, I believe.

Inkle. Are there no better inns in the town?

Trudge. Um—Why there's the Lion, I hear, and the Bear, and the Boar—but we saw them at the door of all our late lodgings, and found but bad accommodations within, sir.

Inkle. Well, run to the end of the quay, and conduct Yarico hither. The road is straight before you: you can't miss it.

Trudge. Very well, sir. What a fine thing it is to turn one's back on a master, without running into a wolf's belly! One can follow one's nose on a message here, and be sure it won't be bit off by the way. [*exit.*

Inkle. Let me reflect a little. Part with her—Justified!—Pshaw, my interest, honour, engagements to Narcissa, all demand it. My father's precepts, too—I can remember, when I was a boy, what pains he took to mould me!—Schooled me from morn to night—and still the burden of his song was—prudence! Prudence, Thomas, and you'll rise.—Early he taught me numbers; which he said, and he said rightly,

would give me a quick view of loss and profit; and banish from my mind those idle impulses of passion, which mark young thoughtless spendthrifts. His maxims rooted in my heart, and as I grew—they grew; till I was reckoned, among our friends, a steady, sober, solid, good young man; and all the neighbours called me the prudent Mr. Thomas. And shall I now, at once, kick down the character which I have raised so warily?—Part with her—The thought once struck me in our cabin, as she lay sleeping by me; but, in her slumbers, she past her arm around me, murmured a blessing on my name, and broke my meditations.

Enter Yarico and Trudge.

Yar. My love;

Trudge. I have been showing her all the wigs and bales of goods we met on the quay, sir.

Yar. Oh! I have feasted my eyes on wonders.

Trudge. And I'll go feast on a slice of beef, in the inn, here. *[Exit.*

Yar. My mind has been so busy, that I almost forgot even you. I wish you had staid with me—You would have seen such sights!

Inkle. Those sights have grown familiar to me, Yarico.

Yar. And yet I wish they were not.—You might partake my pleasures—but now again, methinks, I will not wish so—for, with too much gazing, you might neglect poor Yarico.

Inkle. Nay, nay, my care is still for you.

Yar. I'm sure it is: and if I thought it was not, I'd tell you tales about our poor old grot—bid you remember our palm-tree near the brook, where in the shade you often stretched yourself, while I would take your head upon my lap, and sing my love to sleep. I know you'll love me then.

Our grotto was the sweetest place!

The bending boughs, with fragrance blowing,

Would check the brook's impetuous pace,
Which murmur'd to be stopt from flowing,
'Twas there we met, and gaz'd our fill,
Ah! think on this, and love me still.

'Twas then my bosom first knew fear,
—Fear, to an Indian maid a stranger—
The war-song, arrows, hatchet, spear,
All warn'd me of my lover's danger.
For him did cares my bosom fill;
Ah! think on this, and love me still. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—SIR CHRISTOPHER CURRY'S.

Enter Sir Christopher and Medium.

Sir C. I tell you, old Medium, you are all wrong. Plague on your doubts! Inkle shall have my Narcissa. Poor fellow! I dare say he's finely chagrined at this temporary parting—Eat up with the blue devils, I warrant.

Med. Eat up by the black devils, I warrant; for I left him in hellish hungry company.

Sir C. Pshaw! he'll arrive with the next vessel, depend on't—besides, have not I had this in view ever since they were children? I must and will have it so, I tell you. Is not it, as it were, a marriage made above? They shall meet, I'm positive.

Med. Shall they? Then they must meet where the marriage was made; for, hang me, if I think it will ever happen below.

Sir C. Ha!—and if that is the case—hang me, if I think you'll ever be at the celebration of it.

Med. Yet, let me tell you, Sir Christopher Curry, my character is as unsullied as a sheet of white paper.

Sir C. Well said, old fool's cap! and it's as mere a blank as a sheet of white paper. You are honest, old Medium, by comparison, just as a fellow sentenced

to transportation is happier than his companion condemned to the gallows—Very worthy, because you are no rogue ; tender hearted, because you never go to fires and executions ; and an affectionate father and husband, because you never pinch your children, or kick your wife out of bed.

Med. And that, as the world goes, is more than every man can say for himself. Yet, since you force me to speak my positive qualities—but, no matter,—you remember me in London : didn't I, as member of the Humane Society, bring a man out of the New River, who, it was afterwards found, had done me an injury ?

Sir C. And, damme, if I would not kick any man into the New River that had done me an injury. There's the difference of our honesty. Oons ! if you want to be an honest fellow, act from the impulse of nature. Why, you have no more gall than a pigeon.

Med. Ha ! You're always so hasty ; among the hodge-podge of your foibles, passion is always predominant

Sir C. So much the better.—Foibles, quotha ? foibles are foils that give additional lustre to the gems of virtue. You have not so many foils as I, perhaps.

Med. And what's more, I don't want 'em, sir Christopher, I thank you.

Sir C. Very true, for the devil a gem have you to set off with 'em.

Med. Well, well ; I never mention errors ; that, I flatter myself, is no disagreeable quality.—It don't become me to say you are hot.

Sir C. 'Sblood ! but it does become you ; it becomes every man, especially an Englishman, to speak the dictates of his heart.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. An English vessel, sir, just arrived in the harbour.

Sir C. A vessel! Od's my life!—Now for the news—If it is but as I hope—Any dispatches?

Serv. This letter, sir, brought by a sailor from the quay.

Med. Well, read, Sir Christopher.

Sir C. [*opening the letter.*] Huzza! here it is. He's safe—safe and sound at Barbadoes. [*Reading*] *Sir, My master, Mr. Inkle, is just arrived in your harbour. Here read, read! old Medium—*

Med. [*reading*] *Um—Your harbour—we were taken up by an English vessel on the 14th ult. He only waits till I have puffed his hair, to pay his respects to you, and Miss. Narcissa.—In the mean time he has ordered me to brush up this letter for your honour from your humble servant to command,*

TIMOTHY TRUDGE.

Sir C. Hey day! here's a stile! the voyage has jumbled the fellow's brains out of their places; the water has made his head turn round. But no matter, mine turns round, too. I'll go and prepare Narcissa directly, they shall be married, slap-dash, as soon as he comes from the quay. From Neptune to Hymen; from the hammock to the bridal bed—Ha! old boy!

Med. Well, well, dont flurry yourself—you're so hot!

Sir C. Hot! blood, arn't I in the West Indies? Arn't I Governor of Barbadoes? He shall have her as soon as he sets his foot on shore.—She shall rise to him like Venus out of the sea. His hair puffed! He ought to have been puffing, here, out of breath, by this time.

Med. Very true; but Venus's husband is always supposed to be lame, you know, Sir Christopher.

Sir C. Well, now do, my good fellow, run down to the shore, and see what detains him.

Med. Well, well; I will, I will. [*hurrying him off.*]

Sir C. In the mean time, I'll get ready Narcissa, [*exit.*]

and all shall be concluded in a second. My heart's set upon it. Poor fellow! after all his rambles, and tumbles, and jumbles, and fits of despair—I shall be rejoiced to see him. I have not seen him since he was that high.—But, zounds! he's so tardy!

Enter a servant.

Serv. A strange gentleman, sir, come from the quay, desires to see you.

Sir C. From the quay? Od's my life!—'Tis he—'Tis Inkle! Show him up, directly. [*exit servant*]
The rogue is expeditious after all. I'm so happy.

Enter Campley.

My dear fellow! [*embracing him*] I'm rejoiced to see you. Welcome; welcome here, with all my soul!

Camp. This reception, Sir Christopher, is beyond my warmest wishes.—Unknown to you—

Sir C. Aye, aye; we shall be better acquainted by and by. Well, and how, eh! Tell me! But old Medium and I have talked over your affair a hundred times a day, ever since Narcissa arrived.

Camp. You surprise me! Are you then really acquainted with the whole affair?

Sir C. Every tittle.

Camp. And, can you, sir, pardon what is past?

Sir C. Pooh! how could you help it?

Camp. Very true—sailing in the same ship—and—

Sir C. Aye, aye; but we have had a hundred conjectures about you. Your despair and distress, and all that. Your's must have been a damned situation, to say the truth.

Camp. Cruel indeed, Sir Christopher! and I flatter myself will move your compassion. I have been almost inclined to despair, indeed, as you say, but when you consider the past state of my mind—the black prospect before me.

Sir C. Ha! ha! Black enough, I dare say.

Camp. The difficulty I have felt in bringing myself face to face to you.

Sir C. That I am convinced of—but I knew you would come the first opportunity.

Camp. Very true: yet the distance between the Governor of Barbadoes and myself. [bowing.]

Sir C. Yes—a devilish way asunder.

Camp. Granted, sir: which has distressed me with the cruellest doubts as to our meeting.

Sir C. It was a toss up.

Camp. The old gentleman seems devilish kind. Now to soften him. [aside] Perhaps, sir, in your younger days, you may have been in the same situation yourself.

Sir C. Who? I! sblood! no, never in my life.

Camp. I wish you had, with all my soul, Sir Christopher.

Sir C. Upon my soul, sir, I am very much obliged to you. [bowing.]

Camp. As what I now mention might have greater weight with you.

Sir C. Pooh! pr'ythee! I tell you I pitied you from the bottom of my heart.

Camp. Indeed! If, with your leave, I may still venture to mention Miss Narcissa—

Sir C. An impatient, sensible young dog! like me to a hair! Set your heart at rest, my boy. She's your's: your's before to-morrow morning.

Camp. Amazement! I can scarce believe my senses.

Sir C. Zounds! you ought to be out of your senses: but despatch—make short work of it, ever while you live, my boy.

Enter Narcissa and Patty.

Here, girl: here's your swain. [to *Narcissa*.]

Camp. I just parted with my Narcissa, on the quay.

Sir C. Did you! Ah, sly dog—had a meeting before you came to the old gentleman.—But here—Take him, and make much of him—and, for fear of further separations, you shall e'en be tack'd together directly. What say you, girl?

Camp. Will my Narcissa consent to my happiness?

Nar. I always obey my father's commands, with pleasure, sir.

Sir C. Od! I'm so happy, I hardly know which way to turn; but we'll have the carriage directly; drive down to the quay; trundle old Spintext into church; and hey for matrimony!

Camp. With all my heart, Sir Christopher; the sooner the better.

Sir Christopher, Campley, Narcissa, Patty.

Sir C. Your Colinettes, and Arriettes,
Your Damons of the grove,
Who like Fallals, and Pastorals
Waste years in love!
But modern folks know better jokes,
And, courting once begun,
To church they hop at once—and pop—
Egad, all's done!

All. In life we prance a country dance,
Where every couple stands;
Their partners set—a while curvet—
But soon join hands.

Nar. When at our feet, so trim and neat,
The powder'd lover sues,
He vows he dies, the lady sighs,
But can't refuse.
Ah! how can she unmov'd e'er see
Her swain his death incur?
If once the Squire is seen expire,
He lives with her.

All. In life, &c. &c.

Patty. When John and Bet are fairly met,
John boldly tries his luck:

He steals a buss, without more fuss,
The bargain's struck.
Whilst things below are going so,
Is Betty pray to blame?
Who knows up stairs, her mistress fares
Just, just the same.

All. In life we prance, &c. &c.



ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

THE QUAY.

Enter Patty.

Patty. Mercy on us! what a walk I have had of it! Well, matters go on swimtaingly at the governor's—The old gentleman has ordered the carriage, and the young couple will be whisk'd, here, to church, in a quarter of an hour. My business is to prevent young sobersides, young Inkle, from appearing, to interrupt the ceremony.—Ha! here's the Crown, where I hear he is hous'd. So now to find Trudge, and trump up a story, in the true style of a chambermaid. (*goes into the house.*) (*Paty within.*) I tell you it don't signify, and I will come up. (*Trudge, within.*) But it does signify, and you cant come up.

Re-enter Patty, with Trudge.

Patty. You had better say at once, I shan't.

Trudge. Well then, you shan't.

Patty. Savage! Pretty behaviour you have pick'd up among the Hottypots! Your London civility, like

London itself, will soon be lost in smoke, Mr. Trudge; and the politeness you have studied so long in Threadneedle-street, blotted out by the blacks you have been living with.

Trudge. No such thing; I practis'd my politeness all the while I was in the woods. Our very lodging taught me good manners; for I could never bring myself to go into it without bowing.

Patty. Don't tell me! A mighty civil reception you give a body, truly, after a six weeks parting.

Trudge. Gad, you're right; I am a little out here. to be sure. (*kisses her.*) Well, how do you do?

Patty. Pshaw, fellow! I want none of your kisses.

Trudge. Oh! very well—I'll take it again. (*offers to kiss her.*)

Patty. Be quiet: I want to see Mr. Inkle: I have a message to him from Miss Narcissa. I shall get a sight of him, now, I believe.

Trudge. May be not. He's a little busy at present.

Patty. Busy—ha! Plodding! What he's at his multiplication again?

Trudge. Very likely; so it would be a pity to interrupt him, you know.

Patty. Certainly; and the whole of my business was to prevent his hurrying himself—Tell him, we shan't be ready to receive him, at the governor's, till to-morrow, d'ye hear?

Trudge. No?

Patty. No. Things are not prepared. The place isn't in order; and the servants have not had proper notice of the arrival.

Trudge. Oh! let me alone to give the servants notice—rat-tat-tat—It's all the notice we had in Threadneedle-street of the arrival of a visitor.

Patty. Threadneedle-street! Treadneedle-nonsense! I'd have you know we do every thing here with an air. Matters have taken another turn—Style! Style, sir, is required here, I promise you.

Trudge. Turn—Style! And pray what style will serve your turn now, Madam Patty?

Patty. A due dignity and decorum, to be sure. Sir Christopher intends Mr. Inkle, you know, for his son-in-law, and must receive him in public form, (which can't be till to-morrow morning) for the honour of his governorship: why the whole island will ring of it.

Trudge. The devil it will!

Patty. Yes; they've talk'd of nothing but my mistress's beauty and fortune for these six weeks. Then he'll be introduced to the bride, you know.

Trudge. O, my poor master!

Patty. Then a public breakfast; then a procession; then, if nothing happens to prevent it, he'll get into church, and be married in a crack.

Trudge. Then he'll get into a damn'd scrape, in a crack. Ah! poor madam Yarico! My poor pilgarlic of a master, what will become of him! [*half aside.*]

Patty. Why, what's the matter with the booby?

Trudge. Nothing, nothing—he'll be hang'd for poly-bigamy.

Patty. Polly who?

Trudge. It must out—Patty!

Patty. Well?

Trudge. Can you keep a secret?

Patty. Try me!

Trudge. Then (*whispering*) my master keeps a girl.

Patty. Oh monstrous! another woman?

Trudge. As sure as one and one makes two.

Patty. (*aside*) Rare news for my mistress!—Why I can hardly believe it; the grave, sly, steady, sober Mr. Inkle, do such a thing!

Trudge. Pooh! it's always your sly, sober fellows, that go the most after the girls.

Patty. Well; I should sooner suspect *you*.

Trudge. Me? Oh Lord! he! he!—Do you think any smart, tight, little, black-eyed wench, would be strack with my figure? [*conceitedly.*]

Patty. Pshaw! never mind your figure. Tell me how it happened?

Trudge. You shall hear: when the ship left us ashore, my master turned as pale as a sheet of paper. It isn't every body that's blest with courage, Patty.

Patty. True!

Trudge. However, I bid him cheer up; told him, to stick to my elbow: took the lead, and began our march.

Patty. Well?

Trudge. We had'nt gone far, when a damn'd one-eyed black boar, that grinn'd like a devil, came down the hill in a jog trot! My master melted as fast as a pot of pomatum!

Patty. Mercy on us!

Trudge. But what does I do, but whips out my desk knife, that I us'd to cut the quills with at home; met the monster, and slit up his throat like a pen—The boar bled like a pig.

Patty. Lord! Trudge, what a great traveller you are!

Trudge. Yes; I remember we fed on the flitch for a week.

Patty. Well, well; but the lady.

Trudge. The lady? Oh, true. By and by we came to a cave—a large hollow room, under-ground, like a warehouse in the Adelphi—Well! there we were half an hour, before I could get him to go in; there's no accounting for fear, you know. At last, in we went to a place hung round with skins, as it might be a furrier's shop, and there was a fine lady, snoring on a bow and arrows.

Patty. What, all alone?

Trudge. Eh!—No—no—Hum—She had a young lion by way of a lap-dog.

Patty. Gemini; what did you do?

Trudge. Gave her a jog, and she open'd her eyes she struck my master immediately.

Patty. Mercy on us! with what?

Trudge. With her beauty, you ninny, to be sure: and they soon brought matters to bear. The wolves witness'd the contract—I gave her away—The crows croak'd amen; and we had board and lodging for nothing.

Patty. And this is she he has brought to Barbadoes?

Trudge. The same.

Patty. Well; and tell me, Trudge; she's pretty, you say—Is she fair or brown? or——

Trudge. Um! she's a good comely copper.

Patty. How! a tawney?

Trudge. Yes, quite dark; but very elegant; like a Wedgwood tea-pot.

Patty. Oh! the monster! the filthy fellow! Live with a black-a-moor!

Trudge. Why, there's no great harm in't, I hope?

Patty. Faugh! I wou'dn't let him kiss me for the world: he'd make my face all smutty.

Trudge. Zounds! you are mighty nice all of a sudden; but I'd have you to know, madam Patty, that blackamoor ladies, as you call 'em, are some of the very few, whose complexions never rub off! S'bud, if they did, Wows and I shou'd have changed faces by this time—But mum; not a word for your life.

Patty. Not I! except to the Governor and family. (*aside*) But I must run—and, remember, Trudge, if your master has made a mistake here, he has himself to thank for his pains. *[exit.]*

Trudge. Pshaw! these girls are so plaguy proud of their white and red! but I won't be shamed out of Wows, that's flat. Master, to be sure, while we were in the forest, taught Yarico to read, with his pencil and pocket-book. What then? Wows comes on fine and fast in her lessons. A little awkward at first to be sure. Ha! ha! She's so used to feed with her hands, that I can't get her to eat her victuals, in a genteel, Christian way, for the soul of me; when she

has stuck a morsel on her fork, she don't know how to guide it; but pops up her knuckles to her mouth, and the meat goes up to her ear. But, no matter—After all the fine, flashy London girls, Wowski's the wench for my money.

A Clerk I was in London gay,
Jemmy linkum feedle,
And went in boots to see the play,
Merry fiddlem tweedle.
I march'd the lobby, twirl'd my stick,
Diddle, daddle, deedle;
The girls all cry'd, "He's quite the kick,"
Oh, jemmy linkum feedle.

Hey! for America I sail,
Yankee doodle deedle;
The sailor boys cry'd, "smoke his tail!"
Jemmy linkum feedle.
On English belles I turn'd my back,
Diddle daddle deedle;
And got a foreign Fair, quite Black,
O twaddle, twaddle, tweedle!

Your London girls, with roguish trip,
Wheedle, wheedle, wheedle,
May boast their pouting under-lip,
Fiddle, faddle, feedle.
My Wows wou'd beat a hundred such,
Diddle, daddle, deedle,
Whose upper-lip pouts twice as much,
O, pretty double wheedle!

Rings I'll buy to deck her toes;
Jemmy linkum feedle;
A feather fine shall grace her nose:
Waving siddle seedle.

With jealousy I ne'er shall burst ;
Who'd steal my bone of bone-a ?
A white Othello, I can trust
A dingy Desdemona.

[*exit.*

SCENE II. A ROOM IN THE CROWN.

Enter Inkle.

Inkle. I know not what to think—I have given her distant hints of parting ; but still, so strong her confidence in my affection, she prattles on without regarding me. Poor Yarico ! I must not—cannot quit her. When I would speak, her look, her mere simplicity disarms me : I dare not wound such innocence. Simplicity is like a smiling babe ; which, to the ruffian, that would murder it, stretching its little, naked, helpless arms, pleads, speechless, its own cause. And yet Narcissa's family—

Enter Trudge.

Trudge. There he is, like a beau bespeaking a coat—doubting which colour to choose—sir—

Inkle. What now ?

Trudge. Nothing unexpected, sir :—I hope you won't be angry.

Inkle. Angry !

Trudge. I'm sorry for it : but I am come to give you joy, sir !

Inkle. Joy !——of what ?

Trudge. A wife, sir ; a white one.—I know it will vex you, but Miss Narcissa means to make you happy, to-morrow morning.

Inkle. To-morrow !

Trude. Yes, sir ; and as I have been out of employ, in both my capacities, lately, after I have dressed your hair, I may draw up the marriage articles.

Inkle. Whence comes your intelligence, sir ?

Trudge. Patty told me all that has passed in the Governor's family, on the quay, sir. Women, you know, can never keep a secret. You'll be introduced in form, with the whole island to witness it.

Inkle. So public too!—Unlucky!

Trudge. There will be nothing but rejoicings, in compliment to the wedding, she tells me; all noise and uproar! Married people like it, they say.

Inkle. Strange! That I should be so blind to my interest, as to be the only person this distresses!

Trudge. They are talking of nothing else but the match, it seems.

Inkle. Confusion! How can I, in honour, retract?

Trudge. And the bride's merits——

Inkle. True!—A fund of merits!—I would not—but from necessity—a case so nice as this—I—would not wish to retract.

Trudge. Then they call her so handsome.

Inkle. Very true! so handsome! the whole world would laugh at me: they'd call it folly to retract.

Trudge. And then they say so much of her fortune.

Inkle. O death! it would be *madness* to retract. Surely, my faculties have slept, and this long parting, from my Narcissa, has blunted my sense of her accomplishments. 'Tis this alone makes me so weak and wavering. I'll see her immediately. *[going.]*

Trudge. Stay, stay, sir; I am desired to tell you, the Governor won't open his gates to us till to-morrow morning, and is now making preparations to receive you at breakfast, with all the honours of matrimony.

Inkle. Well, be it so; it will give me time, at all events, to put my affairs in train.

Trudge. Yes; it's a short respite before execution; and if your honour was to go and comfort poor madam Yarico——

Inkle. Damnation! Scoundrel, how dare you offer your advice?—I dread to think of her!

Trudge. I've done, sir, I've done—But I know I should blubber over Wows all night, if I thought of parting with her in the morning.

Inkle. Insolence! begone, sir!

Trudge. Lord, sir, I only——

Inkle. Get down stairs, sir, directly.

Trudge. (*going out.*) Ah! you may well put your hand to your head; and a bad head it must be, to forget that Madam Yarico prevented her countrymen from peeling off the upper part of it. [*aside.*

[*exit.*

Inkle. 'Sdeath, what am I about? How have I slumbered?—Is it I?—I—who, in London, laughed at the youngers of the town—and when I saw their chariots, with some fine, tempting girl, perked in the corner, come shopping to the city, would cry—Ah!—there sits ruin—there flies the Greenhorn's money! then wondered with myself how men could trifle time on women; or, indeed, think of any women without fortunes. And now, forsooth, it rests with *me* to turn romantic puppy, and give up all for love.—Give up!—Oh, monstrous folly!—thirty thousand pounds!

Trudge. (*peeping in at the door.*)

Trudge. May I come in, sir?

Inkle. What does the booby want?

Trudge. Sir, your uncle wants to see *you*.

Inkle. Mr. Medium! show him up directly.

[*exit Trudge.*

He must not know of this. To-morrow!—I wish this marriage were more distant, that I might break it to her by degrees! she'd take my purpose better, were it less suddenly delivered.

Enter Medium.

Med. Ah, here he is! Give me your hand, nephew! welcome, welcome to Barbadoes, with all my heart.

Inkle. I am glad to meet you here, uncle!

Med. That you are, that you are, I'm sure. Lord! lord! when we parted last, how I wished we were in

a room together, if it was but the black hole ! I have not been able to sleep o'nights, for thinking of you. I've laid awake, and fancied I saw you sleeping your last, with your head in the lion's mouth, for a night-cap ; and I've never seen a bear brought over, to dance about the street, but I thought you might be bobbing up and down in its belly.

Inkle. I am very much obliged to you.

Med. Ay, ay, I am happy enough to find you safe and sound, I promise you. But you have a fine prospect before you now, young man. I am come to take you with me to Sir Christopher, who is impatient to see you.

Inkle. To-morrow, I hear, he expects me.

Med. To-morrow ! directly—this—moment—in half a second.—I left him standing on tip-toe, as he calls it, to embrace you ; and he's standing on tip-toe now in the great parlour, and there he'll stand till you come to him.

Inkle. Is he so hasty ?

Med. Hasty ! he's all pepper—and wonders you are not with him, before its possible to get at him. Hasty indeed ! Why, he vows you shall have his daughter this very night.

Inkle. What a situation !

Med. Why, It's hardly fair just after a voyage. But come, bustle, bustle, he'll think you neglect him. He's rare and touchy, I can tell you ; and if he once takes it in his head that you show the least slight to his daughter, it would knock up all your schemes in a minute.

Inkle. Confusion ! if he should hear of Yarico !

[*aside.*

Med. But at present you are all and all with him ; he has been telling me his intentions these six weeks : you'll be a fine warm husband, I promise you.

Inkle. This cursed connexion !

[*aside.*

Med. It is not for me, though, to tell you how to

play your cards; you are a prudent young man, and can make calculations in a wood.

Inkle. Fool! fool! fool! [aside.]

Med. Why, what the devil is the matter with you?

Inkle. It must be done effectually, or all is lost; mere parting would not conceal it. [aside.]

Med. Ah! now he's got to his damned square root again, I suppose, and old Nick would not move him—why, Nephew!

Inkle. The planter that I spoke with cannot be arrived—but time is precious—the first I meet—common prudence now demands it. I'm fixed; I'll part with her. [aside.] [exit.]

Med. Damn me, but he's mad! the woods have turned the poor man's brains; he's scalped and gone crazy! hoho! *Inkle!* nephew! gad, I'll spoil your arithmetic, I warrant me. [exit.]

SCENE III.—THE QUAY.

Enter Sir Christopher Curry.

Sir C. Ods my life! I can scarce contain my happiness. I have left them safe in church in the middle of the ceremony. I ought to have given Narcissa away, they told me; but I capered about so much for joy, that old Spintext advised me to go and cool my heels on the quay, till it was all over. Od, I'm so happy; and they shall see, now, what an old fellow can do at a wedding.

Enter Inkle.

Inkle. Now for dispatch! hark'ee, old gentleman! [to the Governor.]

Sir C. Well, young gentleman?

Inkle. If I mistake not, I know your business here.

Sir C. 'Egad I believe half the island knows it, by this time.

Inkle. Then to the point—I have a female, whom I wish to part with.

Sir C. Very likely; it's a common case now-a-days, with many a man.

Inkle. If you could satisfy me you would use her mildly, and treat her with more kindness than is usual—for I can tell you she's of no common stamp—perhaps we might agree.

Sir C. Oho! a slave! faith now I think on't my daughter may want an attendant or two extraordinary; and as you say she's a delicate girl, above the common run, and none of your thick lipped, fat nosed, squabby, dumpling dowdies, I dont much care if—

Inkle. And for her treatment—

Sir C. Look ye, young man; I love to be plain: I shall treat her a good deal better than you would, I fancy; for, though I witness this custom every day, I can't help thinking the only excuse for buying our fellow creatures, is to rescue 'em from the hands of those who are unfeeling enough to bring them to market.

Inkle. Fair words, old gentleman; an Englishman won't put up an affront.

Sir C. An Englishman! more shame for you! men, who so fully feel the blessings of liberty, are doubly cruel in depriving the helpless of their freedom.

Inkle. Let me assure you, Sir, 'tis not my occupation; but for a private reason—an instant pressing necessity—

Sir C. Well, well, I have a pressing necessity, too; I can't stand to talk now; I expect company here presently; but if you'll ask for me to-morrow, at the castle—

Inkle. The castle!

Sir C. Aye, sir, the castle; the Governor's castle; known all over Barbadoes.

Inkle. 'Sdeath, this man must be on the Governor's establishment:—his steward, perhaps, and sent after

me, while Sir Christopher is impatiently waiting for me. I've gone too far; my secret may be known—As 'tis I'll win this fellow to my interest. [*to him.*] One word more, sir: my business must be done immediately; and as you seem acquainted at the castle, if you should see me there—and there I mean to sleep to-night—

Sir C. The devil you do!

Inkle. Your finger on your lips; and never breathe a syllable of this transaction.

Sir C. No! why not?

Inkle. Because, for reasons, which perhaps you'll know to-morrow, I might be injured with the Governor, whose most particular friend I am.

Sir C. So! here's a particular friend of mine, coming to sleep at my house, that I never saw in my life. I'll sound this fellow. [*aside*] I fancy, young gentleman, as you are such a bosom friend of the Governor's, you can hardly do any thing to alter your situation with him.

Inkle. Oh! pardon me; but you'll find that hereafter—besides, you, doubtless, know his character?

Sir C. Oh, as well as my own. But let's understand one another. You must trust me, now you've gone so far. You are acquainted with his character, no doubt, to a hair?

Inkle. I am—I see we shall understand each other. You know him too, I see, as well as I.—A very touchy, testy, hot old fellow.

Sir C. Here's a scoundrel! I hot and touchy! zounds! I can hardly contain my passion!—but I won't discover myself. I'll see the bottom of this—[*to him*] Well now, as we seem to have come to a tolerable explanation—let's proceed to business—bring me the woman.

Inkle. No; there you must excuse me. I rather would avoid seeing her more; and wish it to be settled

without my seeming interference. My presence might distress her—You conceive me?

Sir C. Zounds! what an unfeeling rascal!—the poor girl's in love with him, I suppose. No, no, fair and open. My dealing's with you, and you, only; I see her now, or I declare off.

Inkle. Well then, you must be satisfied: yonder's my servant—ha—a thought has struck me. Come here, sir.

Enter Trudge.

I'll write my purpose. and send it her by him. It is lucky that I taught her to decipher characters: my labour now is paid. [*takes out his pocket-book and writes*]—This is somewhat less abrupt; 'twill soften matters. [*to himself*]*—*Give this to Yarico; then bring her hither with you. [*going.*]

Trudge. I shall, sir.

Inkle. Stay; come back. This soft fool, uninstructed, may add to her distress: his drivelling sympathy may feed her grief, instead of soothing it. When she has read this paper, seem to make light of it; tell her it is a thing of course. done purely for her good. I here inform her that I must part with her. D'ye understand your lesson.

Trudge. Pa—part with ma—dam Ya-ric-o!

Inkle. Why does the blockhead stammer! I have my reasons. No muttering—and let me tell you, sir, if your rare bargain were gone too, 'twould be the better: she may babble our story of the forest, and spoil my fortune.

Trudge. I'm sorry for it, sir: I have lived with you a long while; I've half a year's wages too due the 25th ultimo, due for dressing your hair and scribbling your parchments: but, take my scribbling, take my frizzing, take my wages; and I and Wows will take ourselves off together. She saved my life, and rot me if any thing but death shall part us.

Inkle. Impertinent! Go, and deliver your message.

Trudge. I'm gone, sir. Lord! lord! I never carried a letter with such ill will in all my born days.

[*exit.*

Sir C. Well—shall I see the girl?

Inkle. She'll be here presently. One thing I had forgot: when she is yours, I need not caution you, after the hints I've given, to keep her from the castle. If Sir Christopher should see her, 'twould lead, you know, to a discovery of what I wish concealed.

Sir C. Depend upon *me*—Sir Christopher will know no more of our meeting, than he does at this moment.

Inkle. Your secrecy shall not be unrewarded: I'll recommend you, particularly, to his good graces.

Sir C. Thank ye, thank ye; but I'm pretty much in his good graces, as it is: I don't know any body he has a greater respect for.

Re-enter Trudge.

Inkle. Now, sir, have you performed your message?

Trudge. Yes, I gave her the letter.

Inkle. And where is Yarico? Did she say she'd come? Didn't you do as you were ordered? Dind't you speak to her?

Trudge. I couldn't, sir, I couldn't: I intended to say what you bid me—but I felt such a pain in my throat, I could'nt speak a word, for the soul of me; so, sir, I fell a crying.

Inkle. Blockhead!

Sir C. 'Sblood! but he's a very honest blockhead. Tell me, my good fellow, what said the wench?

Trudge. Nothing at all, sir. She sat down with her two hands clasped on her knees, and looked so pitifully in my face, I could not stand it. Oh, here she comes. I'll go and find Wows: if I must be melancholy, she shall keep me company. [*exit.*

Sir C. Ods my life, as comely a wench as ever I saw.
Enter Yarico, who looks for some time in Inkle's face, bursts into tears, and falls on his neck.

Inkle. In tears! nay, Yarico! why this?

Yar. Oh do not—do not leave me !

Inkle. Why, simple girl ! I'm labouring for your good. My interest, here, is nothing : I can do nothing from myself, you are ignorant of our country's customs. I must give way to men more powerful, who will not have me with you. But see, my Yarico, ever anxious for your welfare, I've found a kind, good person, who will protect you.

Yar. Ah ! why not you protect me ?

Inkle. I have no means—how can I ?

Yar. Just as I sheltered you. Take me to yonder mountain, where I see no smoke from tall, high houses, filled with your cruel countrymen. None of your princes, there, will come to take me from you. And should they stray that way, we'll find a lurking place, just like my own poor cave ; where many a day I sat beside you, and blessed the chance that brought you to it—that I might save your life.

Sir C. His life ! Zounds ! my blood boils at the scoundrel's ingratitude !

Yar. Come, come, let's go. I always feared these cities. Let's fly and seek the woods ; and there we'll wander hand in hand together. No cares shall vex us then—We'll let the day glide by in idleness ; and you shall sit in the shade, and watch the sun beam playing on the brook, while I sing the song that pleases you. No cares, love, but for food—and we'll live cheerily, I warrant—In the fresh, early morning, you shall hunt down our game, and I will pick you berries—and then, at night, I'll trim our bed of leaves, and lie me down in peace—Oh ! we shall be so happy !

Inkle. Hear me, Yarico. My countrymen and yours differ as much in minds as in complexions. We were not born to live in woods and caves—to seek subsistence by pursuing beasts. We Christians, girl, hunt money ; a thing unknown to you.—But, here, 'tis money which brings us ease, plenty, command, power, every thing ; and of course happiness. You are the

bar to my attaining this ; therefore 'tis necessary for my good—and which I think you value—

Yar. You know I do ; so much, that it would break my heart to leave you.

Inkle. But we must part : if you are seen with me, I shall lose all.

Yar. I gave up all for you—my friends—my country : all that was dear to me : and still grown dearer since you sheltered there. All, all was left for you—and were it now to do again—again I'd cross the seas, and follow you, all the world over.

Inkle. We idle time ; sir, she is your's. See you obey this gentleman ; 'twill be the better for you.

[going.

Yar. O, barbarous ! (*holding him*) Do not, do not abandon me !

Inkle. No more.

Yar. Stay but a little : I shan't live long to be a burden to you : your cruelty has cut me to the heart. Protect me but a little—or I'll obey this man, and undergo all hardships for your good ; stay but to witness 'em. I soon shall sink with grief ; tarry till then ; and hear me bless your name when I am dying ; and beg you, now and then, when I am gone, to heave a sigh for your poor Yarico.

Inkle. I dare not listen. You, sir, I hope, will take good care of her.

[going.

Sir C. Care of her !—that I will—I'll cherish her like my own daughter ; and pour balm into the heart of a poor, innocent girl, that has been wounded by the artifices of a scoundrel.

Inkle. Ha ! 'Sdeath, sir, how dare you !

Sir C. 'Sdeath, sir, how dare you look an honest man in the face ?

Inkle. Sir, you shall feel—

Sir C. Feel !—It's more than ever you did, I believe. Mean, sordid, wretch ! dead to all sense of honour, gratitude, or humanity—I never heard of such

barbarity! I have a son-in-law, who has been left in the same situation; but, if I thought him capable of such cruelty, dam'me if I would not turn him to sea, with a peck loaf, in a cockle shell. Come, come, cheer up, my girl! You shan't want a friend to protect you, I warrant you. [*taking Yarico by the hand.*]

Inkle. Insolence! The governor shall hear of this insult.

Sir C. The governor! liar! cheat! rogue! impostor! breaking all ties you ought to keep, and pretending to those you have no right to. The governor never had such a fellow in the whole catalogue of his acquaintance—the governor disowns you—the governor disclaims you—the governor abhors you; and to your utter confusion, here stands the governor to tell you so. Here stands old Curry, who never talked to a rogue without telling him what he thought of him.

Inkle. Sir Christopher!—Lost and undone!

Med. [*without.*] Holo! Young Multiplication! Zounds! I have been peeping in every cranny of the house. Why, young Rule of Three! [*enters from the inn*] Oh, here you are at last—Ah, Sir Christopher! What are you there! too impatient to wait at home. But here's one that what will make you easy, I fancy. [*tapping Inkle on the shoulder.*]

Sir C. How came you to know him?

Med. Ha! ha! Well, that's curious enough too. So you have been talking here, without finding out each other.

Sir C. No, no; I have found him out with a vengeance.

Med. Not you. Why this is the dear boy. It's my nephew, that is; your son-in-law, that is to be. It's Inkle.

Sir C. It's a lie; and you're a purblind old booby—and this dear boy is a damned scoundrel.

Med. Hey-dey, what's the meaning of this? One was mad before, and he has bit the other, I suppose.

Sir C. But here comes the dear boy—the true boy—the jolly boy, piping hot from church, with my daughter.

Enter Campley, Narcissa, and Patty.

Med. Campley!

Sir C. Who? Campley;—it's no such thing.

Camp. That's my name, indeed, Sir Christopher.

Sir C. The devil it is! And how came you, sir, to impose upon me, and assume the name of Inkle? A name which every man of honesty ought to be ashamed of.

Camp. I never did, sir.—Since I sailed from England with your daughter, my affection has daily increased: and when I came to explain myself to you, by a number of concurring circumstances, which I am now partly acquainted with, you mistook me for that gentleman. Yet had I even then been aware of your mistake, I must confess, the regard for my own happiness would have tempted me to let you remain undeceived.

Sir C. And did you, Narcissa, join in—

Nar. How could I, my dear sir, disobey you?

Patty. Lord, your honour, what young lady could refuse a captain?

Camp. I am a soldier, sir Christopher. Love and War is the soldier's motto; though my income is trifling to your intended son-in-law's, still the chance of war has enabled me to support the object of my love above indigence. Her fortune, Sir Christopher, I do not consider myself by any means entitled to.

Sir C. 'Sblood? but you must though. Give me your hand, my young Mars, and bless you both together!—Thank you, thank you for cheating an old fellow into giving his daughter to a lad of spirit, when he was going to throw her away upon one, in whose breast the mean passion of avarice smothers the smallest spark of affection, or humanity.

Inkle. Confusion!

Nar. I have this moment heard a story of a transaction in the forest, which, I own, would have rendered compliance with your former commands very disagreeable.

Patty. Yes, sir, I told my mistress he had brought over a hotty-pot gentlewoman.

Sir C. Yes, but he would have left her for you; [*to Narcissa*] and you for his interest; and sold you, perhaps, as he has this poor girl, to me, as a requital for preserving his life.

Nar. How!

Enter Trudge and Wowski.

Trudge. Come along, Wows! take a long last leave of your poor mistress: throw your pretty ebony arms about her neck.

Wows. No, no;—she not go; you not leave poor Wowski. [*throwing her arms about Yarico.*]

Sir C. Poor girl! a companion, I take it!

Trudge. A thing of my own, sir. I could'nt help following my master's example in the woods—Like master, like man, sir.

Sir C. But you would not sell her, and be hang'd to you, you dog, would you?

Trudge. Hang me, like a dog, if I would, sir.

Sir C. So say I, to every fellow that breaks an obligation due to the feeling of a man. But, old Medium, what have you to say for your hopeful nephew?

Med. I never speak ill of my friends, sir Christopher.

Sir C. Pshaw!

Inkle. Then let me speak: hear me defend a conduct—

Sir C. Defend! Zounds! plead guilty at once—it's the only hope of obtaining mercy.

Inkle. Suppose, old gentleman, you had a son?

Sir C. 'Sblood! then I'd make him an honest fellow; and teach him that the feeling heart never knows greater pride than when it's employed in giving succour to the unfortunate. I'd teach him to be his father's own son to a hair.

Inkle. Even so my father tutored me: from infancy, bending my tender mind, like a young sapling, to his will.—Interest was the grand prop round which he twined my pliant green affections: taught me in childhood to repeat old sayings—all tending to his own fixed principles, and the first sentence that I ever lisped, was charity begins at home.

Sir C. I shall never like a proverb again, as long as I live.

Inkle. As I grew up, he'd prove—and by example—were I in want, I might even starve, for what the world cared for their neighbours; why then should I care for the world! men now lived for themselves. These were his doctrines: then, sir, what would you say, should I, in spite of habit, precept, education, fly into my father's face, and spurn his councils?

Sir C. Say! why, that you were a damned honest, undutiful fellow. O curse such principles! principles, which destroy all confidence between man and man—Principles, which none but a rogue could instil, and none but a rogue could imbibe.—Principles——

Inkle. Which I renounce.

Sir C. Eh!

Inkle. Renounce entirely. Ill-founded precept too long has steeled my breast—but still 'tis vulnerable—this trial was too much—Nature, against habit combating within me, has penetrated to my heart; a heart, I own, long callous to the feelings of sensibility; but now it bleeds—and bleeds for my poor Yarico. Oh, let me clasp her to it, while 'tis glowing, and mingle tears of love and penitence. [embracing her.]

Trudge. (capering about) Wows, give me a kiss!
[Wowski goes to Trudge.]

Yar. And shall we—shall we be happy?

Inkle. Aye; ever, ever, Yarico.

Yar. I knew we should—and yet I feared—but shall I still watch over you? Oh! love, you surely

gave your Yarico such pain, only to make her feel this happiness the greater.

Wows. (*going to Yarico.*) Oh Wowski so happy!—and yet I think I not glad neither.

Trudge. Eh, Wows! How!—why not?

Wows. 'Cause I can't help cry.—

Sir C. Then, if that's the case—curse me, if I think I'm very glad either. What the plague's the matter with my eyes?—Young man, your hand—I am now proud and happy to shake it.

Med. Well, sir Christopher, what do you say to my hopeful nephew now?

Sir C. Say! why, confound the fellow, I say, that is ungenerous enough to remember the bad action of a man who has virtue left in his heart to repent it.—As for you, my good fellow, (*to Trudge*) I must, with your master's permission, employ you myself.

Trudge. O rare!—Bless your honour!—Wows! you'll be lady, you jade, to a governor's factotum.

Wows. Iss.—I lady Jacktotum.

Sir C. And now, my young folks, we'll drive home, and celebrate the wedding. Od's my life! I long to be shaking a foot at the fiddles, and I shall dance ten times the lighter, for reforming an Inkle, while I have it in my power to reward the innocence of a Yarico.

FINALE.

Campley. Come, let us dance and sing,
While all Barbadoes bells shall ring;
Love scrapes the fiddle string,
And Venus plays the lute;
Hymen gay, foots away,
Happy at our wedding-day,
Cocks his chin, and figures in,
To tabor, fife, and flute.

Chorus.

Come than, &c.

Narcissa. Since thus each anxious care
Is vanished into empty air,
Ah! how can I forbear
 To join the jocund dance?
To and fro, couples go,
On the light fantastic toe,
While with glee, merrily,
 The rosy hour's advance.

Yarico. When first the swelling sea
Hither bore my love and me,
What then my fate would be,
 Little did I think—
Doom'd to know care and woe,
Happy still is Yarico;
Since her love will constant prove,
 And nobly scorn to shrink.

Wowski. Whilst all around rejoice,
Pipe and tabor raise the voice,
It can't be Wowski's choice,
 Whilst Trudge's, to be dumb.
No, no, dey blythe and gay,
 Shall like massy, missy play,
Dance and sing, hey ding, ding,
 Strike fiddle and beat drum.

Trudge. 'Sbobs! now I'm fix'd for love,
My fortune's fair, though black's my wife,
Who fears domestic strife—
 Who cares now a sous!
Merry cheer my dingy dear
Shall find with her Factotum here;
Night and day, I'll frisk and play
 About the house with Wows.

Inkle. Love's convert here behold,
Banish'd now my thirst of gold,

Blessed in these arms to fold
My gentle Yarico.
Hence all care, all doubt and fear,
Love and joy each want shall cheer,
Happy night, pure delight,
Shall make our bosoms glow.

Patty. Let Patty say a word—
A chambermaid may sure be heard—
Sure men are grown absurd,
Thus taking black for white ;
To hug and kiss a dingy miss,
Will hardly suit an age like this,
Unless, here, some friends appear,
Who like this wedding night.

THE END OF INKLE AND YARICO.

